



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1805.

## ESSAYS.

### *On the Unmanliness of Shedding Tears.*

[From a British Essayist.]

TO shed tears, is considered in modern times as unmanly; though the greatest men recorded in antiquity are represented by the poets and historians, as commonly giving vent to their sorrow by the fountains of the eyes.

We find an epithet, which describes heroes shedding tears, very frequently in Homer. Ulysses is represented by him as excelling all others in understanding; yet Ulysses shed tears most copiously. In describing his sorrow in Calypso's island, Homer mentions his tears three times in the course of seven or eight lines:

His eyes from tears  
Were never free  
With tears, and sighs, and grief, he pin'd away.  
As o'er the sea he wishful look'd—he wept.

It may then fairly be concluded, that this great judge of human nature did not consider tears as disgraceful to the *understanding*; and that he did not imagine them derogatory from the character of *courage*, may be collected from his causing his greatest hero, Achilles, to shed tears in profuse abundance. When Achilles relates the ill usage he had received from Agamemnon, Homer concludes the recital with

Thus spoke the weeping hero.  
Before him, as he wept, his parent stood.  
—"Why weeps my son?"—

Many other instances might be brought from Homer, from Virgil, and the best poets and historians of antiquity, to prove that they thought the shedding of tears no diminution of their hero's character, either with respect to the *understanding*, or the heart. If I may be allowed to take an instance from the gospel, as well as from Pagan authors, let it be remembered, that "JESUS WEPT."

It was an observation of ancient wisdom, that "Good men are very apt to shed tears." And this epithet was not understood by them in the sense which the French accept it, when they make *good* synonymous with *weak* and *foolish*. There is, indeed so much misery in the world, that he who does not feel it, and express his feelings as nature intended that he should, must be deficient in some of those organs which are necessary to constitute natural excellence. The strings which should vibrate are relaxed; the heart that should be penetrated, is petrified.

Vice, luxury, excess, gaming, and a long converse with corrupt company, are found capable of contravening nature, and drying up the lachrymal glands, as the sun-beams scorch the fibres, which should give nutriment, verdure, and growth, to the herbage of the meadow. But let not those, in whom this unnatural alteration has taken place, plume themselves on superior sense, courage, fortitude, or philosophy. Their insensibility is defect, not perfection.

Let us take an example of man's natural sympathy, in an actual state of nature. The voyages to the southern hemisphere afford many such examples. There you will observe men, who are ready to face their enemy in the most dangerous battle, weeping with peculiar bitterness of sorrow at every domestic calamity. Look at home for a contrast, and behold a gamester of St. James's, long hackneyed in the pleasurable world, beholding the greatest misfortunes which can befall himself, his family, or the stranger within his gates, with a perfect *sang froid*; with eyes, which scorn to shed a tear, in the most trying circumstances of affliction.

Hardness of heart, and insensibility of temper, conceal themselves under the appellation of manly fortitude. To

shed tears on sorrowful occasions, is no mark of a weak understanding; but of that tenderness and susceptibility, which, as it is the noblest distinction of human nature, is emphatically styled *humanity*. There is nothing admirable, but rather pitiable, in a heart, which has undergone by time and collision with the world, a kind of premature ossification, nor let the most elevated among the sharers of human nature, and of all the evils it is heir to, blush at being seen to give vent to grief by the flood-gates of the eyes. The lachrymal glands were intended by providence for use, as much as any other part of the wonderful mechanism of the human frame.

It must be allowed, that tears have been brought into disrepute by their abuse. Very weak, and very artful people, have rendered them, in many instances, contemptible and suspicious. There are those, who weep from habit or affectation, on any and on no occasion; who seem to think a pearly drop, as great an ornament to the cheek, as the diamond suspended on the ear; who, when they cannot prevail by argument, have recourse to tears to excite compassion; who wantonly tamper with the finest feelings of the heart, and render sorrow itself ridiculous. Such persons should be watched with circumspection; for some symptoms will appear to an accurate observer, which will betray their imposture. The usual error of such persons is, to pass the limits of the occasion; to weep to excess, to over-act their part, to seek spectators and witnesses of their affected sorrow instead of retiring, as nature teaches, to silence, and to solitude.

But let not the real mourner refuse to give expression to his feelings, by the mode which nature powerfully recommends, through a fear of being sus-



pected either of imbecillity or artifice. Tears relieve the misery which causes them to flow. When philosophy, and even religion, have failed to assuage sorrow, a flood of tears has afforded consolation. The shower has fallen copiously, the clouds have immediately been dispelled, and the sky has resumed all its beautiful serenity.

### USEFUL.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

A sincere desire to ascertain an important and very interesting fact, has induced me thus publicly to address my fellow-citizens, and particularly those amongst them who are parents. It is a fact which involves the present and future welfare of millions.

Reports have arisen and are now sedulously propagated, that many persons who had been inoculated with *Jennerian* or *Kine Pox*, have, subsequently thereto, been attacked with that pest to mankind, the *SMALL POX*, and have fallen victims to it.

It is asserted that many in Lancaster who were *vaccinated*, and had *indubitably* received the infection of *Kine Pox*, are now laboring under the *nauseous* and *deadly* disease, which it was intended to prevent; and that in other parts of the state, similar instances have occurred.

It behoves then every parent, every citizen, and, above all, every physician of honor to endeavor zealously to investigate this all important subject, and by due inquiry and repeated experiment, either to establish the character and efficacy of the *Kine Pox*, or the contrary. If after a disinterested examination it shall be found that the reports above alluded to are well founded, let us with one voice deprecate the practice of vaccination, and let the name of its inventor be buried in eternal oblivion: But if, on the contrary it shall manifestly appear that no instances of the kind have ever occurred, where *proper care* was taken to communicate the *Kine Pox*, where the *WELFARE OF THE COMMUNITY* was the object of the practitioner, and not *sordid, mean self-interest*; where the physician, more anxious for *well-earned reputation* than the amassing of *wealth* or the enumeration of his *thousands*, cautiously attended to the symptoms of the disease and knew how to distinguish the *true* from the *spuri-*

*ous* or false. If, I say, it shall then be made appear that children and others who have been properly *vaccinated*, remain proof against the infection or contagion of *Small Pox*; let the blasting tongue of malicious falshood be cut out by the root; let the *Jennerian* discovery and its author, be held ever sacred; and those who devote their time and exertions to its propagation, meet with the countenance and public support which in such case they would merit.

It is the opinion of the writer, who is a physician and a *parent*, that the report is unfounded, and that it must have had its origin in one of two ways, viz. The *avarice* and consequent *carelessness* of practitioners, or the *malice* of certain *despicable individuals* whose hearts are strangers to the feelings of humanity, and whose chief happiness is centered in the misery of others.

A FRIEND.

### MISCELLANY.

#### SPRING.

THE winter is gone and the pleasant spring has returned. Now is it time to walk in the tender fields, or by the river side in dry places. In a warm day at this season I like to pierce into the middle of a wood; to hear the south wind gently stir the old dry leaves; and listen to the large ground fly, as he buzzes round his winter's hole. This is to me better than noise and the song of the midnight dance. I envy not the gay daughters of pleasure. I love the scenes of nature, the fresh smell of morning, and on a high hill the distant sounds of village labor. If then I have a good conscience within, and Cowper in my hand, what to me are riches, honors, compliments, and fame? *Anthology.*

#### FRAGMENT.

CALUMNY—thou art cursed above all the sons of darkness! The thick shadows of night settle on thy brows, and destruction hovers round thy steps, launching his woe-fraught arrows amid the impending gloom. The chilling blast which scatters blight upon the fair blossoms of virtue, is thy breath; and the fiend-like tears, which thou sheddest over the undeserved misfortunes of the great and the good, are those blots, which mar the beauty of unsullied fame.—I've seen the man, whose scanty locks were whitened by the

passing dews of four score years, weighed down by sorrow. I've seen him bending o'er his poorly furnish'd hearth, while the pitiless winter howled through his shattered casement, and rudely sported with his humble rags. He was an exile. Far from friends and home—on cold Siberia's waste, his wretched cot was reared. No resemblance of human nature communed with his solitude and misery, save the rough and savage countenance of the peasant, forbidding as the aspect of his native country; or the dark, suspicious scowl of the lurking robber.—These, Calumny, are thy works. The morning of his life was not thus gloomy. Calm and cloudless it dawned upon the plains of Moscow. He trod the rugged path of virtue, and it led to glory. All was prosperity and smiling peace, 'till thy approach, foul fiend, reversed the scene. The poison which silently distills from thy mouth, mixed in the cup of his joys, and embittered it forever. Thy still, ambiguous whispers, reached his monarch's ear; and the mighty arm of despotism arrested his peaceful course, and levelled in the dust, the fair fabric of his bliss. *[Lit. Olio.]*

It adds great weight to a man's counsel, when we see that he advises nothing but what he does, nor exacts any thing from others, from which he himself desires to be excused.

### HISTORY.

#### OF JERUSALEM.

ACCORDING to Manetho, an Egyptian historian, Jerusalem was founded by the shepherds who invaded Egypt in an unknown period of antiquity. According to Josephus, it was the capital of Melchizedek's kingdom, and built in honor of that prince, by twelve neighboring kings.

We know nothing of it with certainty, however, until the time of king David, who took it from the Jebusites, and made it the capital of his kingdom. It was first taken in the days of Jeli-oash, by Hazael, king of Assyria, who slew all the nobility, but did not destroy their city.

It was afterwards taken by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who destroyed it and carried away the inhabitants. Seventy years afterwards permission was granted by Cyrus king of



Persia to the Jews to rebuild their city, which was done: and it continued the capital of Judea until the time of Vespasian emperor of Rome, by whose son Titus it was totally destroyed.

It was, however rebuilt, by Adrian, and seemed likely to recover its former grandeur; but it flourished for a short time only. When the empress Helena, mother of Constantine the great, came to visit it, she found it in a most forlorn and ruinous situation.

Having formed a design of restoring it to its ancient lustre, she caused, with a great deal of cost and labor, all the rubbish which had suffered, been buried, &c. to be removed.

In doing this, they found the cross on which he died, as well as those of the two malefactors who suffered with him. She then caused a magnificent church to be built, which enclosed as many scenes of our Saviour's sufferings as could conveniently be done.

This church, which stands on Mount Calvary, is still in good repair, being supported by the donations of pilgrims who are constantly resorting to it. Here is to be seen our Saviour's sepulchre, hewn out of a solid rock; and the very hole in the rock in which it is said the foot of the cross was fixed, with many other curiosities.

On Mount Moriah stood the celebrated temple of Solomon, which was seven years in building, and employed no less than 163,300 men. The height of this building on one side was at least 960 feet; and the stones employed about the ramparts, were, according to Josephus, 40 cubits long, 12 thick, and 8 high, all of polished marble, and so well joined as to appear like one solid rock.

After the destruction of this temple, it is said that the emperor Julian attempted to rebuild it, in order to give the lie to our Saviour's prophecy, namely, that it should be totally destroyed without one stone's being left upon another. In this, however, he was defeated by earthquakes, fiery eruptions, &c. which destroyed his materials, and killed many of his workmen.

At present, Jerusalem is but a poor, thinly inhabited town, about three miles in circumference, surrounded with mountains on all sides except the north, with steep ascent and deep vallies.

## AMUSING.

## A MODERN MIRACLE!

*Tunbridge, (Vt.) April 25, 1805.*

On Saturday, the 10th March, I had two pigs, which were ten weeks old. At 12 o'clock on the same day, while my family were at dinner, my neighbor viewed the pigs; they were sprightly, feeding in the trough, and would weigh about thirty pounds each. Within one hour, my wife went to feed them, and found one gasping for breath, which died immediately. The other was not to be found. After fruitless search in every part of the pen, she called a man from the barn to assist. As soon as he came, he discovered the skin of the lost pig, in fair view, turned inside out, without any marks of violence about it, neither torn, bruised, nor cut, perfectly clean, and as whole as when on the pig, taken off like a squirrel's skin, and equally as smooth. It did not appear that a knife or any other instrument was used in the operation, there being no mark, except that it was torn at one side of the mouth, about half an inch. Whether that was done by turning the skin after it was found, cannot be ascertained. No part of the carcass could be found, nor one single drop of blood could be seen in any part of the pen (or sty) though covered with snow which had fallen the preceeding night, on which the skin lay when first discovered. Should this relation appear too strange to be true, it may be proved beyond controverts.

## COMPLIMENTS.

The witty and licentious earl of Rochester meeting with the great doctor Isaac Barrow in the park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly he went up with great gravity, and taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, Dr. I am your's to my shoe tie. The Dr. seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with my lord I am your's to the ground.—Rochester followed up his salutations by a deeper bow, saying Dr. I am your's to the centre. Barrow with a very lowly obeisance, replied, my lord, I am your's to the antipodes. His lordship nearly gravelled, exclaimed, Dr. I am your's to the lowest pit of hell. There my lord (said Barrow

sarcastically) I leave you, and walked off.

## ANECDOTES.

A gentleman who lately dined with some of his friends, being willing to rally two that sat next him, exclaimed—"Well, how prettily am I fixed between two taylors!"—"I perceive it," replied a wag who sat opposite, "but they ought not to be ridiculed; for they appear to be young in business, and so very poor that they keep but *one goose between them.*"

A free negro, was brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering; the magistrate begins to remonstrate—"Do you know how to read?"—"Yes massa, little!"—"Well, don't you never make use of the bible?"—"Yes, massa, I trap my razor on it sometime."

MARRIED, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, Mr. *Christian Shayd*, of Middletown, Dauphin county, to Miss *Susan Swartz*, daughter of Mr. Conrad Swartz, of this borough.

—, on the 21st ult. at Reading, the Rev. *Henry A. Muhlenberg*, formerly of this borough, to Miss *Mary Heister*, daughter of Col. Joseph Heister, of that place.

Subscriptions, Communications, and Advertisements, for the *Lancaster True American*, will be thankfully received at this office.

## Mr. BERNIARD

BEGS leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Lancaster, and the Public in general, that he has for sale, at the house of Mr. William Ferree, sign of Gen. Washington, in East King-street, an extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting of

|                                     |                               |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Silk &amp; Cotton Stockings,</i> | <i>Spangled Shawls,</i>       |
| <i>Shawls,</i>                      | <i>Plain do.</i>              |
| <i>Ribbons,</i>                     | <i>Pin-cushions,</i>          |
| <i>Silk Gloves,</i>                 | <i>Suspenders, and</i>        |
| <i>Silk Handkerchiefs,</i>          | <i>Pearls of all colours.</i> |

LIKEWISE,

An elegant assortment of  
*Jewellery, of Good Gold—Ornamented Combs, and Hair Neck-laces, Paris fashion.*

Mr. BERNIARD assures the Public, that all the above GOODS are of the first quality, and will be disposed of on very advantageous terms. *June 5th, 1805.*



## POETRY.

*Messrs. Editors,*

HAVING the misfortune to live in a place, where slander and invective pervade the neighborhood to an uncommon degree; and being attacked by the censorious gossip, armed with darts of feminine eloquence, thrown by the elastick bow of panick envy—and I not being armed with such armour for defence, you will oblige a customer by inserting, in your next number, the following ode: [East. Rep.]

## ODE TO SLANDER

SLANDER! child of ev'ry age,  
Now arm'd with terror, fraught with rage  
And vengeance; this precarious day  
Begun thy reign, tyrannic sway.  
O'er truth abandon'd human race,  
All cringe, all bow, before thy face;  
All join to wing the demon's car,  
And arm the despot for the war.

Behold I feel thy mad'ning rage,  
That spares not sex, nor youth, nor age;  
Combin'd with malice, hatred, strife,  
Has aim'd an arrow at my life!  
But forms like these with art and bow,  
Conspire in vain my overthrow;  
Truth will survive, and take my part,  
And pierce thy soul with deadly smart.  
O fiend of hell! thou friendship's pest,  
Then shall thy pois'nous tongue have rest;  
Then warm'd by friendship, ev'ry breast,  
Beneath his vine securely rest.

## THE TRIPOLINE CAPTIVE.

THE moon silver'd o'er the rough surge  
That broke on the Barbary shore,  
Where Tripoli's castles emerge,  
And frown while the hoarse billows roar,  
On a rock that look'd over the flood, [air,  
While the clank of his chains pierc'd the  
A son of COLUMBIA stood,  
A statue of woe and despair.

His eyes in distraction were roll'd,  
His countenance hollow and pale,  
His sighs would his sorrows have told,  
But their murmurs were lost in the gale.  
O my country! heart broken, he cried,  
Where now has thy LIBERTY gone?  
INDEPENDENCE thy boast and thy pride,  
Did once captivity spurn.

Ah! why then this cruel delay,  
While your children in slav'ry you see!  
Where's the gold that you lavish'd away?  
Where's the valour that once made you  
FREE?

At a distance you hear not our cries,  
You know not the anguish we bear;  
Or else when our death shrieks arise,  
Columbia would sure drop a tear!

But adieu every lip of reproach,  
My tears ye no longer shall flow!  
Death rapidly makes his approach  
To relieve the poor captive of woe.  
What means this renewal of grief?  
Oh my parents! your sorrow is vain,  
Adieu! ye can give no relief,  
Adieu! we shall soon meet again.

His knees were now bent to the ground;  
His eyes in distraction were rais'd;  
When suddenly glaring around,  
On the scenery ghastly he gaz'd.  
Then quickly the poinard he drew,  
And plunging it deep in his side,  
Like the lily depress'd by the dew,  
He sunk on the mantle and died!

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.

JOHN ANDERSON my Joe, John, when nature first  
began,  
To try her canny hand, John, her master work was  
man;

And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,  
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson  
my Joe.

And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,  
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson  
my Joe.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when first we were  
acquaint,

Your locks were like the sloe, John, your bonnie  
brow was brent;

But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are  
like the snow;

Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson  
my Joe.

But now your brow, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, what pleasure 'tis  
to see

The young, the lovely brood, John, bred up 'twixt  
you and me;

And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,  
Just makes a heaven here on earth, John Anderson  
my Joe.

And ilka lad and lass, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, fates up and down  
we've kent,

Yet aye, whate'er our lot, John, we with it were  
content;

And that's the best of gowd, John, it frae us ne'er  
can go,

Though gear be scant, love, we'll ne'er want, John  
Anderson my Joe.

And that's the best of gowd, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, life's hill we clam  
the gither

And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi ane  
anither;

But now we're tott'ring down, John, hand in hand  
we'll go,

And sleep the gither at the fit, John Anderson my  
Joe.

But now we're tott'ring down, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when we again  
awake.

Our barns we'll collect, John, and then our journey  
take;

For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends  
where'er they go

And seraphs bright shall guide us right, John An-  
derson my Joe.

For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

## To the Patrons of the Hive.

The Patrons of the Hive are respectfully inform-  
ed, that at the expiration of the present volume,  
considerable changes will take place, in the plan of  
that paper; which, it is hoped, the present subscrib-  
ers will have no reason to disapprove. The paper  
will assume another name, and be published accord-  
ing to the following prospectus:

## PROPOSAL

BY M'DOWELL &amp; GREAR,

For publishing, in this borough, a weekly newspaper,  
ENTITLED

## The Lancaster True American.

IN presenting the public with proposals for pub-  
lishing a newspaper, it is usual to make great  
professions of patriotism and zeal in the cause es-  
poused; the Editors, however, in this case, will  
content themselves with declaring, in candid terms,  
what are, ingenuously, their sentiments, and the  
grounds upon which they solicit the patronage of  
their fellow-citizens.

The dissemination of useful information in poli-  
tics and the auxiliary branches of social policy, is,  
confessedly, the foundation of civil liberty and so-  
cial happiness; and disavowing a servile adherence  
to any party, or an obsequious devotion to any set  
of men, the Editors will endeavor to collect, and  
arrange for their readers, a summary of foreign af-  
airs, so far as they are connected with the interests  
of this country—to give a regular account of state po-  
litics, and to support their connection with the states  
respectively, and the administration of the federal  
government; and to promote, by every possible  
mean, the progress of knowledge in the arts and  
sciences, agriculture and social economy.

In the present distracted state of Europe, and  
the divided and disturbed situation of our own coun-  
try, we seriously believe that the independent yeo-  
manry of America, want information of the state  
of their own and foreign countries, stripped of  
those fascinating forms calculated to bewilder the  
imagination, and swallow up the judgment in the  
whirlpools of passion and prejudice to enable them  
to form a correct opinion. To effect this important  
end, the columns of the Lancaster True American  
shall be ever open to free discussion, while truth be  
the object of controversy, and reason is employed  
in its support. Decency of expression will be in-  
sisted on, and defamation absolutely precluded.

Though the politics of the times will claim our  
constant attention, a considerable portion of the  
paper will be devoted to miscellaneous literature,  
agriculture, &c.

## CONDITIONS.

The Lancaster True American will be published  
every Saturday morning, on large royal paper, and  
with a good legible type.

The price will be two dollars per annum, payable  
in half yearly advances.

Subscribers in town shall be regularly served with  
the paper, on each day of publication; those who  
reside in the country, shall have it left at such places  
in town as they may direct.

Advertisements inserted on the usual terms.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

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M'DOWELL &amp; GREAR,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN  
EAST KING-STREET.

Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be  
thankfully received.